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P O E M S .

POEMS.

INCLUDING SOME IN SCOTTISH AND
WESTMORLAND DIALECTS.

BY ROBERT DIXON HOPE,
Vicar of Old Hutton, Kendal.

1888.

PRINTED BY T. WILSON,
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PREFACE.

THE Augustan period of Rome was famous for men of genius; but few, if any names commanded more respect than that of Horace. The brilliant genius of Virgil, indeed outshone all his contemporaries, but with this exception, no poet probably seemed to be more popular than Horace; and his worth is still acknowledged by all readers of taste and judgment.

In his character as a poet, he seems to occupy the same place in ancient literature, in some respects at least, that Robert Burns does in modern. And if we examine their respective characters as men of genius, we shall notice that a greater parallel exists between them than at first sight appears.

Horace was born of comparatively poor parents, and had it not been for the studious care of his father, would not have acquired those stores of learning, which he afterwards turned to such good account.

Robert Burns, though not favoured with the same educational advantages as Horace, (advantages, I mean, such as their respective times afforded), availed himself of every means in his power to add to his stores of knowledge. Few

greater bookworms ever existed; and his industry in this respect, was encouraged by the example and advice of his father.

The genius of Horace soon attracted the notice and praise of the critics of Rome, and from the obscurity of country life, he passed into the refined literary circles of Rome. But amid the gaiety and flattery of the mistress of the world he never lost his relish for rustic sights and sounds; and the charms of his Sabine farm held a deeper place in his affections than Rome with all its stately buildings supplied. Thus in a greater or less degree it was with Robert Burns. For a time he received the flattery and praise of the learned and wealthy of the Scottish capital; but amidst it all, his thoughts reverted to rural charms and pleasures.

Never for one moment would Horace sacrifice his honest independence, his freedom of thought and act. Rather than risk such a sacrifice, he would forswear the smiles of fortune and welcome poverty, and this honest independence only increased his influence.

The same love of liberty, in the noblest sense of the word, was a striking mark of the character of Burns.

Horace seemed to be endowed with an affectionate disposition, and his face shone with good will to all; and Burns showed the same amiable qualities. Horace, amid the conflicting claims of rival schools of philosophy, was content to see what

was specially good in any of them, and to enshrine their best tenets in his poetry; and Burns with regard to the claims of a much higher belief, was far removed from bigotry and fanaticism. Horace was keenly alive to a sense of his own failings, and Burns shewed the same sense of remorse. There are passages in the poetry of Horace, which, for the sake of his fame, might fairly have been suppressed, and there are some passages in the works of Robert Burns, which might have been excluded without doing damage to his reputation as a poet.

It was the fashion in the time of Horace, for Latin authors to ransack the treasures of the earlier literature of Greece, to cull its flowers of rhetoric and poetry to adorn their literary labour; and Horace had recourse to the same materials. Only, with the consummate hand of a master, he rendered the materials thus acquired, in the best sense of the word, *original*.

Burns found his inspiration in the old songs of Scotland, and in this peculiar field of poetry, has perhaps secured his most enduring fame; as the fame of Horace rests upon his incomparable odes; though it is well to add that Burns as well as Horace, in their efforts in other forms of poetry, would have secured universal recognition.

We may add further, that Burns apparently profited indirectly by the genius of Horace; though his ignorance of Latin prevented him from appreciating the poetry of Horace in the original; yet his genius as a poet was greatly influenced by

Allan Ramsay, who candidly confessed that although he understood Horace but faintly in the original, yet he could feast upon his beautiful thoughts dressed in British.

The Latin language having, in some respects, an affinity with the Greek, though charged with a certain amount of harshness, retains largely the melody of this beautiful language, which is well handled by such poets as Virgil and Catullus, while it receives ample justice, in this respect, from Horace. Burns, too, possesses in the Scottish dialect an excellent instrument for his poetic genius. "It appears," as has been judiciously observed, "to be little inferior to that of the Italian. It possesses a considerable portion of that rustic simplicity so much admired in the Doric dialect of the Greeks, and not a little of the smoothness of the Ionic. Like the former, it drops final consonants, substitutes one for another, and converts many of the vowels and diphthongs of English words into A and I ; and like the latter, it delights to throw out the consonants, to produce a concourse of vowels, to soften the sound, and promote the flow of those harsher terms which less easily combine in versification. It abounds in terms and phrases connected with domestic and social life ; with rural scenery, sentiments and occupations, and hence is peculiarly fitted for pastoral poetry, the lighter ode, and the description of external nature, It surpasses in humorous representation,

and is far from being unsuitable to the plaintive and tender."

In the employment of such musical mediums of thought, Horace and Burns never degenerate into obscurity. They never, like some poets of our own time, indulge in phrases so cloudy, that, in trying to unravel them, half of the charm of poetry is lost; a fashion which seems to do violence to the genius of the English language, (as far at least as one great poet is concerned), and which shall probably have as brief an existence as the school of poetry represented by Dr. Donne.

Milton has with admirable beauty and accuracy given us a rendering of the fifth ode of Horace, book first; and as this is clearly one of the best of his odes, we shall here quote it.

"What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses, in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bindst thou in wreaths thy golden
hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire.
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful! Hapless they
To whom thou untried seemst fair. Me in my vowed
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea."

If we, in some respects, exclude in our minds the Roman mode of verse, its peculiar stateliness,

which Milton has so faithfully preserved in translation, we notice how the sentiments of this ode are, unconsciously, as it were, imitated in the following lines by Burns :—

“ Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne’er to wake more !

Falsest of womankind ! canst thou declare
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air ?
To thy new lover lire,
Laugh o’er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !

When, moreover, Horace assumes a philosophic vein, how admirably are the saws of this ancient poet echoed by the modern. Horace moralizes thus in the graceful translation of Cowper :—

“ The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain ;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thy heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last ;
Expect a brighter sky,
The God that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.”

In the more homely phrases of Burns, we notice terseness and point,

When on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed with Heav'n
Is sure a noble *anchor*.
Adieu, dear amiable youth !
Your *heart* can ne'er be wanting,
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting ! "

In the words both of the ancient and modern poet the pulse of humanity seems to beat. They are in touch with the warmest feelings of the heart, and appeal to our reason and judgment ; and if it was no vain boast of Horace that his works should defy the wasting power of time, the fame of Burns seems to rest on as firm a foundation. Yes, as long as " the crimson tipped flower " continues to bloom on the fields of Scotia ; as long as the curlew and plover arouse the echoes of its heathery hills and mountains, and the lark utters its song of praise, so long, apparently, shall some of the nobler verses of Burns, at least, find a responsive chord in the human heart. It may be said, in conclusion, that the volume of poetry, now humbly submitted to subscribers, contains some poems in the Scottish dialect, as well as some in the Westmorland dialect. How far these may be acceptable as poetry is not for me to determine ; but this must be left to the candour of my readers. My admiration of the genius of Burns has induced me to attempt some verses in the dialect which he employed and adorned, while my residence amid the beautiful scenery of Lakeland has led to other efforts in standard English,



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

See how those fleecy clouds do sail
O'er the luminous blue,
The cuckoo's voice sounds in the dale,
Flowers show summer hue.

Yon noble stream flows on its way
Thro' clover mead and lea ;
The sunbeams on the waters play,
Zephyrs breathe harmony.

In many a field the grass does wave,
The vales stand thick with grain—
Rich emblems of the blessings suave
Of our belov'd Queen's reign.

Reign of matchless light and progress,
Of pious hope and fear—
Fifty years full of blessedness,
Though wet with sorrow's tear !

Thus friendship, love, and truth unite
To crown this happy day,
And social glee and honour bright
Salute us on our way.

In merry peals the bells do ring,
Borne on the summer air ;
Full many a happy voice does sing
Within the temples fair.

In salvoes clear booms many a gun,
Streams many a banner gay ;
The prayers of nation rise as one,
“ God bless our Queen for aye ! ”

And may all hearts her mild sway own
 While life and thought are given,
 And when she doffs her earthly crown
 Crown may she wear in Heav'n.

Oh may the fifty years now past
 Foretoken future good,
 Be rich with boons which time outlast,
 On loyal hearts bestowed !

THE SNOWDROP.

(IN SCOTTISH VERSE).

Thou winsome flow'r o' snawy bloom,
 Amidst cauld storms, lo ! thou dost come,
 Before the spring does yet assume
 Its mantle green.
 Or is heard the bee's busy hum,
 Thy form is seen.

Thou crony o' the stormy blast,
 Thy hue suggest a dreary past ;
 Yet the perfume thou dost forecast
 O' garden gay,
 When Phœbus frae " purpling east "
 Sheds light o'day.

As the first streak o' rosy dawn
 Glints saftly o'er the dewy lawn,
 Sae now thy snawy grace is shown
 I' queenly worth.
 Without a rival near thy throne
 To tempt us forth.

Sweet promise o' spring's season mild,
 Thou shed'st thy beauty o'er the wild
 Before our e'en are yet beguiled

By primrose gay,
 Or daffodils, o'er the fields piled,
 Salute the day.

Nae leaves do clothe the hawthorn fair,
 Nae cushat croodles his saft notes rare,
 Nae lav'rock fills the fields o' air

Wi' music sweet;
 An' yet thy lovely form does dare
 The blinding sleet.

Thus women guid, an angel band,
 Dispense sweet duties o'er the land,
 Nae fear or hate restrains their hand

I' sorrow's need,
 But wi' pure love their hearts expand
 I' holy deed.

Thus keen misfortune's snelly blast
 Th' honest man does in poortith cast,
 An' sodgers brave, 'mid conflicts vast.

Deep sorrow share,
 Till freed frae toil, they gain at last
 Sweet rest frae care.

A stout heart, then, for a stey brae,
 For oh! what sad stops block the way,
 Till he wha strives does gain the day

Wi' smiling face.
 While mony mae shrink frae the fray
 Wi' sidelins pace

Yea! launch the ship, unfurl the sail
 I' th' eye o' a favouring gale,
 An' let nae man his task bewail

Or yield to care.
 For he wha wad Parnassus scale
 Must do and dare,

THE SKYLARK.

Hail ! sweet messenger of the morn,
 Lo ! thou on wing aspiring borne,
 Dost fly aboon the waving corn,
 To greet the day,
 While now the spring does yet adorn
 The garden gay.

As higher soaring thou dost sing,
 Thou seem'st to carry on thy wing
 A' the dear joys o' blushing spring,
 Or blooming May,
 While the welkin a' round does ring
 Wi' thy sweet lay.

An' shall a man a' true praise scorn,
 As thou on airy wing upborne,
 Dost seem to usher in the morn
 Wi' gratefu' song ?
 Ah, no ! wi' joy let his heart burn,
 An' praise prolong !

Sometimes indeed a stronger breeze,
 Blawing over the verdant leas,
 Becomes the warst of open faes,
 To stay thy flight,
 Until wi' calmer hour's release,
 Thou woo'st the light.

Thus let a man his pow'rs employ,
 When a keen blast doth quell his joy,
 Let him not use a false alloy,
 Or quit the field ;
 But let a true faith his heartbuoy,
 The victor's shield !

Then, like thee, sweet bird, he will sing
 Glad amid the flowers o' spring,
 Nae sad regrets shall his hopes ding,
 Or care molest,
 Until, in fine, his course shall wing
 To heaven's rest !

THE DAFFODIL.

O daffodil, O daffodil,
Lo, thy beauty does o'er us steal,
An' still new charms thou dost reveal,
To our fond view,
Sweet fruit of the Creator's skill
I' shape or hue !

As the dewy pearls o' the morn,
Which shine fu' brightly on the thorn,
An' the fleecy clouds, ev'n new born,
Soon pass away,
Sae thy beauty does seem to warn
O' thy decay.

As slypes the soil afore the share,
As dries the rain i' simmer's glare,
As music sweet dissolves in air,
Sae fadeſt thou,
Yet the chills o' spring thou dost dare
Ere swallows do.

Sae, sometimes lovers do convene,
An' breath their flame at dewy e'en.
Where yon hawthorn i' simmer's sheen
Does sweetly blow,
Till a sad tiff does intervène
An' mischief sow.

See yonder maid whom graces vest.
Wi' a' true loveliness confest.
The pearl o' beauty seems to rest
On her full lip,
Yet how soon may th' unsightly pest
Her vitals nip !

The mighty victor bent on war,
An' big wi' schemes, far as men daur.

While naething does his hope debar,
 Wi' force does reign,
 Till at last, like a falling star,
 He sinks amain.

Far steers the ship in a fair wind,
 W' a crew active an' combined,
 When, suddenly, wi' force unkind
 'There bursts a gale,
 The ship goes down, not one behind
 To tell the tale!

Wha will that friendless nation aid,
 Will nae ane draw the gleaming blade,
 Shall her best interest be betrayed
 Thro' craven fear,
 Ah yes, 'neath bondage hapless laid,
 Waes she maun bear.

But, O my frien's, there is a clime!
 Where flow'rs ne'er wear the blight o' time,
 An' where nae rude shocks do combine
 To dim the day,
 But a' things flourish i' the prime,
 Nor fear decay.

HARVEST.

Again the gowden hair'st is come,
 An' plenty fills the land,
 An' here and there i' fair array,
 The weel-formed stooks do stand.
 The scene recalls the days by-gane,
 When first I seyed my skill,
 An' wi' a sickle i' my hand,
 Did strive my sheaf to fill.

A guidly band the reapers stand,
Each by the lass he loves,
While binding up the lusty sheaves,
Behind the master moves,
I' momentary jest an' mirth
The tedious hours flee,
The grain afore their sickles fa',
Till gloaming dims the lea.

As weel as yestreen I do mind,
The wound I careless gave
To my finger, when bending low,
My youthfu' task I'd brave,
An' wi' sad haste I hameward hied,
An' breathed my doolfu' maen
To mother dear wha dressed the sair,
Tho' th' arr does yet remain.

But tho' some wounds we thus received,
When shearing bearded grain,
Yet sound health an' strength soon removed
The anguish o' the pain;
An' when wi' glowing simmer's heat,
Our lusty spirits fail,
We slokened our thirst, an' strength renewed
Wi' honest hame-brewed ale.

O welcome dream o' former times,
What gracefu' lines adorn
The magic o' thy distant maze
Amid the fields o' corn.

As sinks the sun i' the balmy west,
At close o' day i' June.
Sae glows thy mem'ry i' my heart.
A' later joys aboon.

The fields wi' joy I still behold,
There's dearness i' the scene,
But th' artless joys o' hair'st I miss
Wi' risp o' the machine.

Still soars the lark on dewy wing,
 Aboon the waving grain,
 The mavis trills its morning sang,
 When springtime comes again.

But harvest scarce seems harvest now,
 Wi' bandster an' machine,
 As i' the day when grain did fa'
 Afore the sickle keen.

Then gie me back my guid auld days
 When plain mode graced the scene,
 And when i' the joy o' harvest hame,
 We trooping did convene.

— — —

BURNS' BIRTHDAY.

Now Januar' winds are howling,
 An' shake the leafless trees,
 An' cauld sleety drops are fa'ing
 Upo' the verdant braes.

Not a star in a' the carry,
 Not ev'n a streak o' light ;
 On sic' a night as this, was born
 Fair Scotia's sangster bright.

Syne, when mair loudly raised the win'
 An' keener blew the blast,
 The mither sought a neebor's bield,
 Her cot wa' down was cast,

An' here, while the wild wintry win'
 Shook the humble dwelling,
 She clasped her wean to her heart,
 Heart wi' fond love swelling.

Thus early taught to thole the brunt
 O' winter's cruel storm,
 Burns had a heart which felt for a'
 That age and wae deform.

He saw his father droop wi' toil
An' sorrow to the grave,
An' his calm words bespoke his loss
In accents sweet and brave.

Mary's untimely fate he mourned
I' tones o' deepest wae,
I' words that bathe thee e'en wi' tears,
Sae melting is the lay ;

He saw the wounded hare limp forth,
An' cursed the slayer's power,
An' i' strains fu' sweet he bewailed
The crimson-tippêd flow'r.

I' waesome words, too, he condoled
Wi' mousie's fruitless care,
An' his muse " bauld and slee " declared
The plight o' Shanter's mare.

Sweet are Afton's woods an' waters,
And banks o' winding Ayr,
An' as weel-kend as Grecian streams,
For Burns has roosed them sair.

Whate'er his muse touched she adorned
Or moor, or rising fell ;
She spread a halo o'er the hames
Where humble worth does dwell.

Seen i' th' enchantment o' his rhymes,
I loe my native woods ;
A nameless grace wons i' the fields,
An i' the simmer buds.

Wild heather bells an' gowans gay,
That woo the Banks o' Ayr,
Do bloom as sweet in ither climes,
Fruit o' his ingine rare.

He, too, wha' lov'd as few hae lov'd,
An' roosed man's freedom true,
Could' find nae place in a' his heart
To play the trickster's cue.

Pure religion he did admire,
But loathed its borrowed guise,
An honest man is God's true work,
Not sae "the rigid wise."

Sweet soul o' sang ! I loe thee still,
Coila's inspired ploughman,
Tho' thou didst sadly gang astray,
Erring steps are human.

An' as lang as the sunbeams bright
Play on crystal Devon,
Sae lang shall live thy sang o' love
To Mary in Heaven.

The lark may big its lowly nest
Upo' the meanest ground.
But when its hymn does rise to heav'n,
Fu' sweet is th' air wi' sound.

Sae Burns born in a clay-built cot,
Sways both fond an' wary,
When he does sing o' modest love,
Jean, or Highland Mary.

THE POET'S VISION.

Sweet image of the poet's dream,
How sadly brief was thy career,
As fleet, as when a bright sunbeam
Behind a cloud may disappear !

But if sorrow cloud things human,
An' hope, once bright, refuse to cheer,
Yet Mary, auspicious woman,
Shall live i' the dew of Burn's tear.

The hawthorn bush, which cast its shade,
O'er Mary and her fond lover,
Seem to hae flow'rs which never fade,
But new beauties aye discover:

Still sweetly blooms the gay green birk
On the banks of Ayr's winding stream,
An' dear the sang o' mountain lark,
When he does hail the sunny beam.

But sweeter far than the lark's lay,
As high he soars by love upborne,
Is the sang that reca's the day
When Mary frae the bard was torn!

Yea, classic Ayr may cease to flow,
An' gowans nae mair deck the lea,
An' Scotia may renounce its snow,
An' hawthorn bloom ne'er crown its tree!

But yet the rustic poet's lay
Shall still retain its mystic power,
Wreath t' adorn Mary's tomb for aye,
O' true love the fruit an' flow'r.

A CUMBRIAN'S REVERIE.

I see yence mair my fadder's hame,
Lown-liggin, near yon riverside,
I see the croft where I did lake
Wi' comrades dear, now scattered wide.

I see yence mair the auld schuil hoose
Wi' its time-worn desks, forms, an' chair;

I hear the hum o' bairns' voices,
 Plying their tasks wi' busy care.
 An' now the schuil duir opens wide,
 An' i' happy groups the bairns run,
 But ow'r their harmless jollity
 Flit wi' the last blink o' the sun.
 Thus, tu, the joys o' youth depart,
 Wi' frien's et yence we caw'd our awn,
 Ev'n as the scent o' early flow'rs,
 On which the blight o' time has fa'n.
 I offen think, as I do sit
 I' my chair, by the ingle lowe,
 O' the dear cronies o' my youth;
 But where are thur auld cronies now?
 Afar i' ithier climes they roam,
 Th' Indian hunter kens 'em well;
 Or i' the shade o' tropic woods
 They hear the tiger's savage yell.
 Where are titties an' brudders dear,
 'At knelt beside ya' mudder's knee?
 They, tu, hae left the parent's nest,
 Fled frae the shade o' t' auld yak tree.
 My heart aw bevers at their neames,
 "God, be wud 'em," I fondly pray:
 An' when tears faw doon aither cheek
 I brush 'em wi' my sleeve away.



AN EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO WESTMORLAND.

O farewell, dear auld Westmorland,
 My barque is on the sea:
 It leads me to anudder strand,
 Afar frae hame and thee.

I'm leaving noo thy beauteous dales,
 Thy sweetly-rising fells,
 To sniff the breath of other gales,
 To gaze on other dells.

Yet visions o' thy bonny braes
 Shall ne'er fade frae my breast,
 While suns shall shed their livening rays,
 An' I gae east or west.

The music o' thy crystal streams
 Shall float on fancy's ear,
 As the dear echo of young dreams,
 Rehearsed mid Christmas cheer.

What tho' fields in anudder clime
 May yield their gowlden store,
 An' hoary mountains rise sublime
 On some far distant shore.

Tho' mine the wealth which gowlden lands
 Shall on true hearts bestow ;
 Yet aw the gowld 'at earth commands
 Can't buy life's early glow.

Nor can the notes o' spangled birds
 Compare wi' t' linnet's sang ;
 An' thowts are deeper far ner words,
 When for Kent's stream we lang.

Then after years of honest toil,
 When I hev won some gear,
 Oh, steer my barque to my aan isle,
 The isle I du revere !

There I shall muse on mony a scene
 Familiar far away ;
 An' view yance mair the contest keen,
 'At on my pathway lay.

There, tu, wi swelling heart reca'
The dreams of early days ;
While softly on the eve shall faw,
Wi' Heb'ns last smiling rays.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

Ah ! little did my mudder think,
That day she fondled me,
'That I should e'er a drunkard prove,
An' pine in poverty.
You see that bonnie farm that lies
Nestling near yon river ;
'That farm was yance my fadder's pride :
Thankful to the Giver.
But noo a stranger owns the fields
I had in former years ;
While, like an exile, I do roam,
Beset wi' grief an' fears.
Yet what's the loss of acres broad,
An' ev'n the loss o' gear,
Compared wi' t' loss of a good name,
Or of a conscience clear.
Then shun the cup, the drunkard's cup,
The cup o' guile an' woe,
It poisons like the serpent's sting,
It pains like adder's maw.
It turns a happy hame to hell,
Hard'ning aw' the feeling,
It causes the saut tear to start,
Th' hidden wound revealing.
It darkens the prisoner's cell,
The house where maniacs rave,
It fills the land wi' disease foul,
It hurries to the grave,

It has darkened my prospects dear,
Has dimmed my visions gay ;
While I'm the jest o' many a clown,
Who thus their scorn display.
Then give me back my pleasant fields,
My name without a flaw,
Let me the gilded cup forswear,
Its fancied bliss forego.

THE REDBREAST.

Again, sweet bird, thy plaintive note
Proclaims the year's decline,
The wood, the grove, and leafy bower,
No more are haunts of thine.
No more the wide field's rich produce,
Relieves thy humble care,
As the withering blasts of winter
Make fields and forests bare.
Unlike the wandering cuckoo,
There's winter in thy lay,
And cold and want assail thee now,
Fruits of a stormy day.
Alas, sweet bird, thy mournful note
Too often brings to mind
The sadness, and the anguish too,
Which wait on human kind.
Yes ! there may be years of plenty,
And seasons bright and fair,
The sun may shed his genial beams
With blessings rich and rare.
Yet the season of sorrow comes,
The sky is overcast,
And the hopes of man are scattered
Like leaves in winter's blast,

Again, the season of joy comes
As thy sad note, sweet bird,
Is prelude of a happier time,
When the dove's voice is heard.
When the rain is over and gone,
And th' zephyrs gently play,
And the voice of music awakes
From ev'ry bush and spray.
Then the lark's early song is heard
Amid the waving corn,
And the thrush's voice woos his mate
Mid the dew-drops of morn.
So, too, the hopes of man revive
After a winter's day,
And he shaketh off disquiet,
And with joy goes his way.

THE BELO.

Belo! dear Belo, sweetly murmurs thy stream,
And brings to my fond mind! life's early bright
dream,
When traversing thy banks in life's morning tide,
Nought lessen'd my joys, nor my fond hopes belied.
Though years *now* have fled since I first knew thy
stream,
And friendships once form'd have dissolved like a
dream,
Though men prove deceivers, and comrades are
gone,
Thy murmur, sweet river! is *gentle* in tone.
What fond thoughts arise as we muse on past years,
How sad and how pleasing what memory endears!
Yet flowers bloom sweetly on thy banks, Belo fair;
As in life's early morn they scented the air,

Oh ! the time may come when I'll bid thee adieu.
And " a new-sprung race " thy rich beauties may
view,
When they who now see thee may remove from
thy side,
Yet free and unbroken thy full wave shall glide.
Thy bright, sparkling course thou'lt pursue to the
sea,
And scatter the blessings which in youth solac'd me,
Thy wave reflecting the image of Heaven,
Shadowing true joys which to men are given.
Then, when young men and maidens breathe the
fond tale
In evening's calm hour, in the sweet-scented gale ;
When old men sit talking in the shade of the trees,
And wearied labourers recline at their ease.
When unwearied children continue their play,
Thy stream shall be bright with the sun's setting
ray ;
Thou shalt pour thy rich flood through valley and
glen,
And in strength of youth mock the short lives of
men.

MIRAGE.

Afar o'er the wide desert waste,
The Pilgrims pursue their way,
While fiercely on their throbbing brows
The sun shoots his scorching ray.
Vainly they seek a friendly shade,
A calm and secure retreat :
Not e'en a bush appears in view
To defend them from the heat.

Still on and on, with steps forlorn,
They do urge their fruitless toils ;
The well, which once relieved their thirst
Away lay many a mile.

The oasis, with its waving palms,
Is remembered as a dream ;
While the cruse now no more supplies
Its cooling and refreshing stream.
The patient camel sinks in death
Beneath their cruel power ;
But e'en the water thus obtained,
Scarce relieves their thirst an hour.
At length, of human hope bereft,
Their uncertain steps they stay,
When lo ! before their ardent gaze
A bright wonder cheers the way.

An Eastern town bursts on their view,
With domes and minarets tall ;
Palm-leaves are waving in the breeze,
And rich, glowing fruit withal !
Fine rivers, lakes, and wells appear,
And appeal to aching eyes ;
But the nearer the pilgrims come,
More distant the prospect flies.
Tantalus like, they feast their eyes
On objects which mock the view ;
And only solve in mist of tears,
Th' illusion they did pursue.

Hard is their fate ! and their sorrow
But recalls the mournful tale,
Of many human hopes beguiled
By fortune's inconstant gale.
Too often smiling waters hide
Some dark frowning rocks below ;
The lovely shore is strewn with wrecks
Sad tokens of human woe !

Oft may rosy youth be deceived
By hopes too bounteous fare ;
And plighted vows of love dissolve
Like fair bubbles in the air.
So, too, the schemes of sages fail
In spite of the crowd's applause :
Human foresight may miss its aim,
Although based on solid laws ;
Wise patriots may see their plans
Thwarted by factious quarrels ;
Heroes may perish on the field
Where they won richest laurels !
Though human worth and beauty fade,
And vanish like mountain snow,
Yet all pervading faith remains
To strengthen us all below.
Pointing to that fair home above
Where beauty fadeth never,
Where souls bloom in immortal youth,
In blessedness for ever !

· THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN. ·

Once on a time a bright-eyed boy
Did from his mother stray ;
The hours *stole on* in joyous mood,
Soon closed a winter's day.
With deep concern the parents ran
To seek their wayward child,
And many a weary foot they trod
By hope's false path beguiled.
Vain was their toil ; to home they turned
To nurse their grief and fear,
When, all at once, the child they sought,
Their mournful eyes did cheer.

Too young to ford a swollen brook,
Hard by it he reclined ;
While his curls o'er his shoulders waved,
As free as his calm mind.

With speechless joy the mother clasped
Her dear one to her breast :
The frown died from the father's lips,
He thought not of his quest.

"O dearest child, why left you us" ?
Exclaimed the grandma dear,
"Did you not fear to roam alone" ?
"O grannie, what is fear" ?

The years rolled on with airy pace,
The boy was now a man ;
And chief among the British braves,
He always led the van.

Or in perils of Polar seas,
Or conflict on the Nile.
Alike, unmoved, his task he plied
Careless of frown or smile.

At last on 'Trafalgar's deep bay,
He formed the awful line
Of British ships, and then he traced
These words of worth divine,

"England this very day expects
Man will do his duty :"
And soon he proved that he, at least,
Valued moral beauty.

The hurricane of battle raged,
He shunned not dangers vast,
The fatal ball came, and he said,
"They've done for me at last."

He fell, and Britain wept her son,
So late her stay and pride ;
But deathless is the voice of fame,
Brave deeds, forsooth, abide.

As long as Britain's shore is washed
By " silver streak of sea,"
So long shall Nelson's words remain,
" Half battles for the free."

LUNE.

Fair as any Arcadian stream,
Thy waters, Lune, appear,
As gaily in the sunny beam,
They flow in wavelets clear.

When the gentle spring does resume
Its reign o'er wood and lea,
And flow'rs assume their bonny bloom,
What joy thou giv'st to me.

Thy silvan holmes, and thy groves gay,
Thy verdant fields and meads,
Seen in the robe of lovely May,
Are all that fancy needs.

The earth does *here* her wealth bestow
In winsome month of June.
While thy full dimpling course does flow
In charming maze, O Lune.

The minnows small thy waters cleave,
The speckled trout does glide,
The salmon honour does receive,
As monarch of thy tide.

When Autumn sheds its mellow ray
Upon the crimson leaf,
And when the sun, at close of day,
Gives glory to the sheaf.

Then gentle breezes woo the wood
Of royal oak and fir,
Trees reflected in thy dear flood,
From which the cushats whirr.

Here on the fields of thy rich dale
Large flocks and herds are seen,
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail,
With shepherds do convene.

Here ancient faith, which knows no guile,
Her homage does retain,
And wise industry's cheerful smile
And loyal heart remain.

Thy dalesmen free do fear no foe,
They loathe the coward's guise,
With honour do their bosoms glow,
Their blessings do they prize.

Generous friends, whom once I loved,
Near thee lived fair river,
Now far away they have removed,
Bliss enjoying ever.

And while with tears I trace their flight
Adown fate's silent stream,
I hope to reach that land of light,
Which needs not the sunbeam.

O may my future course *like theirs*,
Be pure as thy wave, Lune,
Then I may breathe celestial airs,
More rich than breeze in June!

CHILDHOOD.

I remember, I remember
The little village school,
And my first day there, when a child,
Beneath the teacher's rule,

I recall the bitter sorrow
Of that eventful day,
As dark clouds in a distant sky,
On a bright morn in May.

I still can picture to my mind,
What kind and tender care
My elder brother then employed,
To banish all my fear.

His earnest look and winning smile
Dwell on my mem'ry still,
As my sad tears he wiped away,
And soothed my pettish will.

'Tho' time is past, and years have fled,
Since he thus calmed my fears,
And he and many more have left
This lowly vale of tears,

Yet still that distant scene revives,
As mem'ry's brightest ray,
As the song of a little brook
Which murmured on my way.

Shortlived are our early sorrows,
How soon they disappear,
As shining dew from off the grass,
In the spring time of the year.

And then the true joys which follow,
Seem borne on angel's wings,
So little do they seem to share
The fate of human things.

Never do the skies seem so fair
As in youth's lovely dream,
There's beauty in the streaming show'r
And joy in the sun-beam.
The gambols of the snow-white lamb,
The sweet notes of the birds,
Do seem to have a harmony
With children's happy words.
O sunny hours of fair childhood,
How soon ye pass away,
As the bow which spans heaven's arch,
As dew-drops on the spray !

LITTLE SISTER

I had a little sister,
And she had angel grace ;
And the smiles of love adorned
Her fairy form and grace.
Dark glossy hair, too, she had,
And rich bloom on her cheek,
Which did enhance her goodness,
And her behaviour meek.
“ Like flowers which grace the wild,”
Her worth we scarcely knew,
Until, on an early morn,
To earth she bade adieu.
Then keen sorrow filled our hearts,
And bitter tears were shed ;
Hardly could we own the fact
That our loved one was dead.
When the sun set in the west,
And shades of eve did fall,
We missed her gentle footsteps,
And words so dear to all.

But, if gone, yet near us still,
She seemed to share our joys ;
We fancied we heard her laugh,
As we turned o'er her toys.
As the morning clouds depart,
And mists dissolve in rain,
Our bitter childhood's sorrow
Did not too long remain.
Yea ! sooner it wore away
The keener it was felt,
As snow, which falls in April,
The bright spring sun does melt.
But if thus stern Fate divide
The magic band of love,
And cause a schism in those hearts,
Which sympathy does move.
In the changeless world above,
God's goodness is confest ;
The wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest.
There no true ties are sundered,
As on this changeful earth ;
The union is eternal,
As of heavenly birth.

THE CHIMES.

The chimes sound clearly o'er the town,
Borne sweetly on the midnight air,
Ev'n as a choir of angels flown,
To soothe the toil of woe and care.
They soothe the ear of pious grief,
They charm the sore of drooping pain ;
They speak of joy and sweet relief,
Of ancient faith without a stain,

They recall that sweet scene of old,
When angels came upon the earth,
And in a glorious halo told,
The news of a Saviour's birth.

"Peace and good will," they yet proclaim
To rich and poor in dulcet tones ;
They plead the aged widow's claim,
They crave pity for captive's moans.

They mind us of the waifs and strays,
Who wander homeless on the street ;
And of that fair one's wasted days,
Who plunges in the current fleet.

They fall upon the student's ear,
As he pores o'er this solid theme ;
They steal upon the poet's sphere,
They mingle with the miser's dream.

They fill the ears, too, of a youth
Who wavers in the haunts of vice ;
Who shuts his ear against the truth,
Words of wisdom, above all price.

When, lo ! a vision bright and fair
Lights, unawares, his mental view :—
As if borne on the wings of air,
As lark upspringing from the dew.

He sees the outline of the hill,
Where stands the house,—his former home ;
He marks with joy the babbling rill,
The verdant lanes where he did roam.

The spire of the old village church,
Appeals to his wondering eye ;
The aged walls, the moss grown porch,
As pious dreams before him lie.

Once more he views his sire repair
 To this dear church, astir betimes :
 Once more, he hears his mother's prayer,
 In the soft cadence of the chimes.

The hymns, beside, which once he sung,
 Seem to float on the midnight air ;
 His heart with strong emotion wrung,
 Vainly he checks the bursting tear.

Proof against the enchantress' snare,
 He now forswears the haunts of sin ;
 He feels his need of earnest prayer,
 When foul corruption reigns within.

Firmly his steps does he retrace,
 His mother's bible his sure guide ;
 No more the slave of foul disgrace,
 Honest men in his worth confide !

KENDAL.

As stood the hills round Salem's tow'rs,
 Guarding them from invading pow'rs,
 So, sweetly nestling from the show'rs,
 Or raging gale,
 They seem'd defended at all hours,
 Kirkby Kendal.

And yet at times the foaming flood,
 Swelling in volume many a rood,
 Thy firm barriers have o'erflowed,
 And ravage made,
 While the storm in furious mood
 Swept hill and glade.

Thus, like a storm, mosstroopers bore,
 In fierce tramp from the Solway's shore.

And o'er the brow of Skiddaw hoar,
Thy walls t' assail,
Bearing alarm to ev'ry door,
In thee, Kendal.

What sights of blood may here have been,
When war's fierce storm obscured the scene,
And when hosts did in shock convene
Of bitter strife,
Till shades of night its woes did screen
Mid dangers rife.

Perhaps Roman blades here "drank blood,"
And here the brave Brigantes stood
In stern form, with unyielding mood,
Till close of day,
Keenly contesting rood by rood
In doubtful fray.

Swiftly as the bolts of the sky,
Saxon shafts did in showers fly;
King Arthur did their prowess try
In battle keen,
And hundreds on the field did lie
Lifeless at e'en.

Thus oft by mad onset driven,
Battles raged from morn till even,
Many a one, perhaps unshriven,
Afield did lie,
Lifting to the smiling heaven
Imploring eye.

What monster *now* did blur time's page,
Ev'n sparing neither sex nor age,
But deaf to pity's counsel sage,
In hot haste strode
Chasing the victims of his rage
To th' house of God?

It is Duncan, O shameful name,
Who thus did piety defame ;
Though mothers did his pity claim,
 He heard them not,
He gloried in th' assassin's name,
 " The weasel Scot " !

Such day as this ne'er Kendal saw,
A day adverse to light and law,
Nor can the Kent's silvery flow
 E'er wash the stain :
'The cry of babes, th' altar *below*
 Does still complain !

But what sad sight was now revealed ?
The hosts engaged on Flodden Field ;
And Kendal yoemen formed a shield
 'Gainst stubborn foes,
While many Scots in despair did yield
 To their firm blows.

As shmes the moon in cloudy skies,
A graceful form here greets our eyes,
With face as fair as she is wise
 For peace or war,
Ev'n bluff King Hal she can advise,
 Catherine Parr.

Gone now the sheen of her dear home,
In ruins lies her father's dome,
No more the sound of mirth does come
 From its broad wall,
But her name shall not cease to bloom,
 While seasons roll.

Now solemn stillness filled the air,
The messenger of God was here,

And full many a one found his lair
In sudden gloom,
Without the tribute of a tear
To gild his tomb !

As swells with rage the winter's storm,
As huge waves in mid ocean swarm,
When black night does our minds alarm
With sad suspense,
So seemed it, when the plague's dark form
Called many *hence*.

But as a calm succeeds a gale,
And gentle spring the winter's wail,
As silver waves calm ocean's swell,
So terrors cease,
When men again pure air inhale
With life and peace.

Again, th' ear heard the slogan cry,
The rebel hordes were flitting by,
The hills in echo did reply
To their fierce tread,
Loyal Kendal their forms did eye
With aspect dread.

As fleets the bubble on the stream,
As dew's kissed off by the sunbeam,
As vanishes a morning dream
So all things fade,
For a while on time's current gleam,
Then seek the shade.

The Roman now can fight no more,
Mosstroopers hannt not Solway shore,
Nor Saxons hail the battle's roar,
Their pith is fled,
The Parish Church, with tower hoar,
Does shade the dead.

Time-honoured fane, O noble pile,
 Long hast thou reflected heaven's smile,
 May no profane hand thee defile,
 Or e'er beface,
 May worshippers still crowd thy aisle,
 And sue for grace !

“ MERRIE CARLISLE.”

Here Roman generals once stood,
 And gazed upon the limpid flood,
 And here the fierce barbarians strode
 In grim array,
 While Eden was stained with their blood,
 In the mad fray.

Here Cuthbert on a mission came,
 Ev'n breathing a true prophet's flame,
 And in honest words did declaim
 Against all sin,
 While notes of grace he did proclaim
 With sober mien.

Arthur true King and Prince, was here,
 And his beauteous Queen Guenevere,
 And here indulged in Christmas cheer,
 With honour bright ;
 To him repaired from far and near,
 Full many a knight.

Oft the prey of devouring flame,
 In lawless force thy stern foes came
 Till each brave maid and stalwart dame,
 Their succour gave,
 And keenly did their ire proclaim
 By boiling wave.

As fancy's gleams dawn on the sight,
What varied shades do crowd the light,
What graceful forms thy streets bedight,
What martial tread,
As in fleeting shades they alight
They form a raid.

I see Romans with aspect dread,
Marching o'er the unhonoured dead ;
I see the Dane with visage red
And vengeful arm.
Boldly fording thy river's bed
Thy walls to storm.

I see the hardy mountaineer,
The mosstrooper with face severe,
I hear the loyal city's cheer
The slogan cry ;
And Saxon brave careering near
Appals the eye !

But who's that form of graceful mien,
That sheds a lustre o'er the scene,
Her bearing ev'ry inch a queen
A matchless pose,
The fairest flow'r that e'er was seen,
Lily or rose !

Oh ! it is Scotia's injured dame,
Who to our land for succour came,
And by vile force and lawless blame
Was captive made,
A foul slur on the English name
For trust betrayed.

War's coursers in the air do steer ;
The avenger of blood is here,
Human heads on thy gates appear
A ghastly row,

Men's minds do change from hope to fear,
Or friend or foe !

But here now Muses have a seat
On many a knoll and calm retreat,
On silvan holmes of Eden fleet,
Or Caldew's stream,
Cumbria's muse her fire does "beet"
In fancy's flame.

Thus sweet poesy finds a home,
Where rich plenty and ease do come,
And where is not heard war's fierce hum
Or battle cry,
But where the flow'rs of peace do bloom,
And tumults die.

O sweet change, yea, O golden time,
No more thy streets do groan with crime,
But thy free course does rise sublime
On virtue's way,
While the glad bells of peace do chime
On festal day !

May war's dread, then, ne'er shake our shores,
But commerce heap her golden stores,
As long as Eden her wave pours
In Solway bay ;
Yea, may peace come by countless doors,
And hold its sway !

AN IDYL.

I see once more the aged cot,
Which stood aloft near the roadside,
The hawthorn hedge, and garden plot,
The tree which many storms defied,

I see the timber near the door,
The grindstone, and the busy saw,
The distant view across the moor,
The brook, too, with its silver flow.

As this vision of former days
Floats full across my mental view,
In the welcome light of its rays
I see two eyes of azure hue.
Thy sylph-like form dawns on my sight,
Thy graceful step, thy modest mien,
Thy ringlets which thy form bedight,
And thy attire so neat and clean.

Tho' I might wish to breathe my flame
Shame cowed me and the chance was gone,
And many seasons went and came,
Ere I could woo thee, little one !

As rivers flowing from their source
Thread their way amid light and shade,
So years sped on their airy course
While summer flowers did bloom and fade.

Then if fair nymphs did please mine eye,
And ev'n love's passion smote my heart,
Yet like fairy forms they did fly,
The wound was healed, tho' keen the smart.
But when the time came that the dream
First cherished in my youthful breast,
Was in part fulfilled ; and a gleam
Of joy arose, by love confest.

Oh ! then how short did seem the way
Thro' winding lanes, o'er the lone moor ;
And oh ! how soon had sped the day,
When, to return, I left thy door.
In thy presence nature seemed to smile,
The birds sung a more joyous lay,
Thy loved form did my heart beguile,
Tho' winter's sun scarce shed a ray.

I loved the brook's flow in the glen,
And faint gleams of the distant sea,
The happy toil of husbandmen,
Kine browsing on the verdant lea.
The hum of bees I also loved,
The song of birds which awoke the grove,
The breeze that green leaves gently moved,
And day-dreams which gay fancy wove.
But far above earth's sounds and sights,
Or fancies gay which stir the brain,
In summer days, or winter nights,
Thy image did my heart detain.
Next to the Source of boundless love.
The Guard and Giver of my life,
My affection to thee did move,
And thus, at length, I called thee wife.
True as the dial to the sun,
No shadow hid thy love from me,
And when some years their course had run,
Our hands confirmed our amity.
Now twenty years have well nigh flown,
Since one were we, who erst were twain :
Many seasons have come and gone,
Seasons of gladness in the main.
And if the days of youth are gone,
Yet shall we sadly mourn their flight ?
Nay, count our blessings one by one,
How many still our path do light ?
Soft is the light at early dawn,
But of full glory at noon-day,
Rich pleasures on our path are strewn
In sober age as in youth gay.
How happy is the wedded life,
When kindred spirits move in love,
As heirs together of that life,
Which awaits loyal hearts above !

And, sure, your heart is leal and true,
You bear a name without a stain,
Would God my early youth renew,
I'd choose you from the throng again!

Ah, well! our love grows more with years,
The fruit of wedlock's sacred ties,
If in youth a sweet flow'r it bears,
In age this flow'r shows richer dyes.
Nor time alone cements our love,
Our children's prattle fills our ears,
And their weal does our heart-strings move,
And our union more endears.

Then oh! may He who rules above,
And makes mankind His loving care,
Preserve the blossoms of our love,
And strew their paths with blessings rare!
May he who curbs the restless wave,
And guards from harm the sparrow's brood,
Our lives from odious evil save,
And crown our closing years with good!

BULGARIA.

Not more cruelly howl the blasts
Over Siberia's desert plains,
Than the threatenings of the Czar.
Foretokens of a tyrant's chains!

Hungry wolves may spare travellers,
Encompassed in a winter's snow,
But no pity dwells in his breast,
His heart disdains the friendly glow.

Oh! may heaven avert th' omen,
Which his odious words suggest,
And may Bulgaria hold the place,
By the stern right of war confessed,

Let not the sad cry of thousands
Appeal in vain to heaven's law,
May the darling sense of freedom,
For ever in their bosoms glow !

THE FATAL JEST.

The King sat in a gorgeous room
Receiving the toilet's care,
When lo ! among his raven locks,
There was seen the first grey hair.
In gleesome mood he placed this hair
Upon a silver salver :
And then addressed a royal page,
Who near his side did hover.
“ Convey this boon unto the Queen.
And thus to my dear heart say,
That hoary hairs do grow apace,
And it is not always May.”
Mas the King did little deem
How saddening was the sign,
That thus in a jest he offered
Unto beauty's holy shrine.
Oh too, too unhappy omen !
What sorrows did it forbode,
Yea, sorrows of the keenest kind,
As were only known to God.
From the weird close of Naseby's fight,
To the scene before Whitehall,
Such a roll of sufferings came
As the bravest might appal.
Ill-fated King ! can no strong arm
Save thee from the raging storm
Of evil tongues, and cruelty,
And of bigotry's foul form !

In vain Rupert's fiery charge
Sustains the cavalier cause,
The prize of war seems to be won
By more than mere human foes.

As the shades of eve are falling
Over Naseby's crimson field,
The cause of the King seems hopeless,
And his utter ruin sealed.

O'er Britannia's hills and vales
The tide of swift conquest rolls,
And the magic of Cromwell's name
Is felt in shires, towns, and halls.

And vainly the royal Charles strives
To retrieve his fallen cause;
The shrewd Scots, in whom he trusted,
Do betray him to his foes.

Thus, hunted like a stricken deer,
He now pines in durance vile,
The prey of a factious crew,
And the sport of Cromwell's guile.

Lured to forsake his early faith
Ev'n by the fair wife he loved,
To sully thus his country's weal,
The wise monarch stands unmoved.

Yea, sooner than betray the trust
Which God to him has given,
He aspires to the martyr's crown,
The pledge of home and heaven.

And with the fatal axe's gleam
So near his devoted head,
He utters the word "remember,"
Before his pure spirit fled:

Thus showing that while rank and power
 All sovereigns do receive,
 The purest gem that decks a crown,
 Is wisdom, *which can forgive.*

THE SWALLOW.

Bird of the skimming wing,
 Thou whom we hail in Spring,
Now safe be thy journey o'er land and sea !
 Oh ! whither dost thou steer,
 To regions far and near,
 Afric's fair plains, or sunny Italy ?
 Like a mournful exile,
 Thou dost fly many a mile,
 Leaving the dear home which first nourished thee !
 Seeking in other lands,
 Where the *rich grove* expands,
 The light and the heat which here may not be.
 When here the wintry west
 Loudly extends its blast,
 Stripping the pride of Summer from the tree,
 Urging the tempest's war,
 Scattering leaves afar,
There thou rejoicest in vernal beauty.
 Then when the winter's rage
 The zephyrs do assuage,
 And gentle Spring reigns o'er woodland and lea ;
 Thou from strange lands dost come,
 Seeking thy English home,
 Seeing with glad eyes th' abodes of the free.

* Charles the First addresses his Queen as "my dear heart" in his letters to her.

So, too, in camps and courts
In th' hum of distant ports,
Where'er the Briton roams o'er the wide sea !
Still, still his fondest dream,
The music of his stream,
The old house and the once familiar tree.

When many days are past,
And he comes home at last,
Tears fill his eyes, as he sees th' old roof tree,
Yet feelings of calm rest
Gently soothe his sad breast,
As he views with joy his congenial lea.

Home shows its brightest face,
Love assumes its best grace,
As the lost kinsman is received with glee.
Rich bounty crowns the board
For a brother restored,
No more to roam o'er the wide-rolling sea !

FORSAKEN.

Beauteous nature teemed with life.
In wood and grove and grassy dale,
But in her silent tomb reclined
Maggie, the pride of all the vale.
Sweet is the linnet's lay at morn,
As it falls gently on the ear,
But the soft tones of Maggie's voice
You never more with joy may hear.
As cheerful as a lamb at play,
No gloomy sorrow had she known,
Until thro' love's deceitful wiles,
Her gentle peace of mind had flown.
Now *vainly* she bedewed her couch
With tears of sorrow and of pain.

The happiness, which she once had,
Could never more return again.

Seduced, forsaken by the swain,
To whom she gave her hand and heart,
What power now could sooth her grief,
What sovereign balm remove the smart.

In vain her widowed mother strove
To relieve th' anguish of her breast,
There seemed no charm for hapless woe,
No solace for the deep distress.

The hand of friendship failed to "pluck
The rooted sorrow from the brain";
She pined, she perished as a rose,
Swept by the stormy wind and rain.

But ev'n when sickness paled her cheek,
And th' eye was dim with sorrow keen,
The polestar of sweet hope arose
To shed light o'er the dismal scene.

Like one tost on the raging main,
Who sees a bay of rest at last,
She now is safe from every storm,
From winter's snow and winter's blast.

Near yon wall, beneath the green sward,
She rests in peace, released from tears,
Watched by Him who never slumbers,
Thro' all the mazy course of years.

—

CRAM.

The clock strikes nine, the hour is come
When the Inspector should arrive,
Each eye peers keenly round the room
Like bees alarmed in a hive!

The teacher begs with careworn face
His pupils to do their part well,
"Each pass," says he, "is worth an ace,
Ev'ry cypher and cross must *tell*."

Now one and all I do implore,
My feelings you will not hector ;
When, lo ! a rap comes to the door.
And there is the School Inspector.

With graceful step, and face as gay,
The children he bids "good morrow,"
O ! would he wear that smile all day,
Should there be much room for sorrow !

But now the exam is begun,
And the three Rs are keenly scanned ;
Whene'er a happy score is won,
We feel like men with cash in hand.

But when a cypher marks failure,
We note the fact with downcast eyes,
We'd hand the child to a jailer,
Or punish him in any wise.

"Now ye girls must begin to sew,"
The very words our hearts appal,
"Please do your work without a flaw,
And neatly form a button hole."

And here the parson kicks his heels,
And views their work with languid care ;
The mistress for her scissors feels,
And hands the cloth in pieces square.

Lo ! chubby boys with fingers small
Their legal task of knitting ply ;
The teachers, then, both one and all,
Regard this task with glances shy.

Next, special subjects claim our care,
Latin, Euclid, Geography ;
And when the pupils grossly err,
Oh, then, we bubble o'er with glee !

The registers demand research,
The master's journal an o'erhaul,
Th' Inspector must disclose each *smirch*,
Ev'n a chink in the school-yard wall.

Thus the dry scrutiny proceeds,
While the drowsy clock tolls the hours,
While we sigh for the verdant meads,
And the scent of blooming flowers.

Oh, for a draught of heaven's pure air,
To clear the cobwebs from the brain,
To free our hearts from bitter care,
And, thus, our drooping souls sustain !

Oh, who will save the playful child
From peril of an early grave,
Or, who will spare the teacher mild
The grim toil of a galley slave.

O cram. cram. cram beset with fears,
When shall we say that cram is fled ?
Better the years of master Squeers,
And weeding of the onion bed !

Vainly we ordain laws of health,
If we can thus o'er work our brain,
We rob ourselves of richest wealth,
When th' essence true of life we drain.

O famous British sons of old.
Who guided ships in ocean's storm.
And ye who, too, in combat bold,
Faced danger in its awful form.

Ye blooming dames of ancient days,
 The mothers of a stalwart race ;
 Long may your memory keep its bays,
 And may your sons ne'er you disgrace,
 May vigour yet regain its sway,
 And health and happiness increase,
 May prudence shed its mellow ray,
 And us from *error's gloom* release !

AN APPEAL.

O ye famous men of England,
 Heirs of a mighty name,
 More worthy of the meed of praise
 Than Rome in all her fame !
 Let not the rich fruits of conquest,
 Of faith, and glory sheen
 Perish in all their summer glow,
 Guard your country and Queen.

By the noble name of Nelson,
 Who for true freedom fell,
 By the great name of Wellington,
 More famous far than Tell ;
 By the tears of the sister Isle,
 The prey of faction keen ;
 Arouse you, O my brothers dear,
 For your Country and Queen.

Plant firmly the flag of freedom
 Mid faction's noisy swell ;
 And oh ! now avoid for ever
 The flatterer's subtle spell.
 Do not foes thunder at your gates,
 Nay, win access within ?
 The cause of truth rests on your arm,
 Shield your Country and Queen.

Oh, too long the breath of rancour
 Our weary souls appal,
 Oh, too long the sword of justice
 Hangs rusting on the wall.
 Then wield it in the cause of right,
 And shew true patriot's mien,
 Your native land appeals for aid,
 Save your Country and Queen.

Yea, by the free soil of Britain,
 Once wet with martyrs' tears;
 And by the wise words of statesmen
 Resounding through the years;
 By the sweet notes of Jubilee,
 All loyal hearts *now* screen,
 The cry of wrong ascends to heav'n,
 Guard your Country and Queen !

A COLD SPRING.

Were it not for the balmy breeze
 Of the warm Gulf of Mexico,
 Then cold extreme should Britain freeze,
 Borne o'er the waste of northern snow.
 Thus breezes bland have spread their wings
 O'er our Isle from time antique,
 Yet mid chill show'rs the mavis sings,
 Are there icebergs on th' Atlantic ?

Yea, driving show'rs come from the west,
 The Langdale Pikes are clad with snow,
 Not a breath of air from the east,
 Yet with keen gusts the wind does blow,
 Vainly we con the weather glass,
 O'er it pore with face pedantic,
 Weather lore does our brain surpass,
 Are there icebergs on th' Atlantic ?

Still more loudly the wind does rave,
And blinding hail assails our face,
We stay our steps with aspect grave.
Or the way homeward we retrace.
And when the wind does bang our door,
Round we glance with visage frantic,
While the reason true we implore,
Are there icebergs on th' Atlantic.
But yet the genial breeze shall come,
And sweet May-dews our lawn shall wet,
Bees search the flow'r with busy hum,
Mid golden clouds the sun shall set,
The lamb shall play around its dam,
Or race the field with glad antic,
And the blushing dawn shall breathe the balm,
Or woo rich show'rs from th' Atlantic.

CARACTACUS.

The British Chieftain, foiled in arms,
Now the Romans victor's prey,
Beheld unmoved the surging croud,
Who did swarm upon his way.
The lordly piles of ancient Rome
Absorbed his wondering eyes ;
And speech at length revealed his thoughts,
Manly speech without disguise
" What noble palaces are here,
What grandeur is displayed ;
Then why envy me my cottage,
Reared within the forest glade ? "
'The pomp of th' imperial court,
Disturbed not his dauntless breast,
But calm and unsubdued by fate,
Great Cæsar he thus addressed.

“ Had I not in fierce strife engaged,
But submitted to thy will,
I might have gained thy early love,
Without any hap or ill.

But where should be those feats of arms,
Which enoble the Roman name ?
Or, where the guerdon of success,
From which I derive my fame ?

True ! Rome would be conqueror,
A conqueror far and wide ;
But shall we tamely own her pow’r,
And in her strong will confide.”

The wild beasts which roam o’er the plain,
Or recline in forest shade,
Know the sweet sense of liberty,
And no foe makes them afraid.

Shall man, then, who freedom inhales
Ev’n with his earliest breath,
Renounce the hopes which heaven gives him,
Or maintain them unto death ?

When I think of my former days,
When I had great wealth and fame,
When soldiers brave obeyed my word,
And foes trembled at my name ;

Then I long for their return,
And sigh for my native woods,
I yearn for my lofty mountains,
And my tempestuous floods,

Cæsar, sad is my fate this day,
Sad as thy glory is great ;
May thy mercy adorn thy pow’r,
And save me, though suing late,

Oh let my life, I beg, be spared,
Tho' unworthy of thy love,
And I shall show to latest days,
What true thankfulness can prove."

Here ceased the British warrior,
But still his dark rolling eyes
Foreshadowed the silent longings,
Which in his pure soul arise.

And great Cæsar viewed his captive,
With a calm and thoughtful brow;
For he saw in him a power
To which he *himself* might bow.

Deeply moved by his misfortunes,
And by his true, noble mien,
To him he gave life and freedom,
And to all his kith and kin.

LILY-MERE.

Far-famed are the braes of Yarrow,
And the groves of Ceylon's Isle,
But half-hid among the mountains,
Heaven greets thee with a smile.

Many a hill and many a river,
Have been famed in classic lear,
But no poet weaves his numbers
In praise of thee, Lily-mere.

Years have fled since first I saw thee,
On a peaceful summer day,
Then all nature smiled around me,
Thy pure way beneath thee lay.

Bees hummed on their way with pleasure,
Swallows darted here and there,
And the lark poured forth its gay song,
In the lucid morning air.

And the peerless blue of heaven
Was reflected in thy wave,
While the breeze that kissed thy waters,
Dreamy ripples to thee gave.
Well thy name denotes thy beauty,
As the lily's snowy grace,
Emblem of a Saviour's love,
In thy water finds its place.
Each season adds new interest
To thy water, Lily-mere,
In winter, on thy floor of ice
Loud resounds the skater's cheer.
Near thee once a lady lived,
Both to fame and friendship dear ;
Here she reared a fairy mansion,
Which commands thy slope, sweet mere.
Here she pondered works of mercy,
Worth of which to few is giv'n ;
And here excelled in deeds of love,
Like the cloudless blue of heav'n.
Could I make thy wave my emblem,
As it is, indeed, my theme,
Then, like her, I'd forsake all joys
Fleeting like a morning dream.
Free from vice's bewitching snare,
Hopes I'd hold of prospects dear,
Reflecting in my latest days,
Thy pure image, Lilymere.

ROMANS ON HELME.

One morn a leader drew the rein
On dewy Helme's breezy height,
For he descried a prospect fair
Stretching far in human sight.

In the land which his eyes embraced,
There lurked foes both brave and strong,
Disdainers of a foreign rule,
Scorners of a tyrant's wrong.

Long paused the leader in deep thought,
Scanning the country near and far,
While his soldiers stood to arms,
Ready to engage in war.

"This hill seems fitting for our use,"
At length the leader did explain,
"And let us here a watch tower build,
T' aid our battles in the plain."

The fort was reared, the men of war
Posted in haste to and fro ;
And soon the din of war was heard,
Confusing the land below.

And oh ! what scenes of blood defiled
Thy winding hill, airy Helme,
As the heroes of lordly Rome
The Brigantes did overwhelm.

Vainly the brave Brigantes strove
To repel thy onset Rome,
There is no safety for the prey,
Where the imperial eagles come.

As fair noonday declined to eve,
Fiercer rolled the course of war,
Until the friendly shade of night
Further slaughter did debar.

And the following morning's dawn
Was the signs of strife renewed,
Till the final charge of Rome
Stemmed for a time deadly feud.

But if Rome won success in war,
She could be a gen'rous foe ;
And when the vanquished sued for life,
Further vengeance would forego.
Thus, too, she taught the arts of peace,
Trees to fell, and land to drain ;
And where confusion held its place,
Law and order to maintain.
By means like these she won the hearts
Of those whom she fought before ;
On ev'ry side fair cities rose,
Commerce grew from shore to shore.
And the sweet sound of gospel peace
Followed the wild blast of war,
In the desert streams broke out,
Notes of love were heard afar.

COLUMBUS.

There sailed three ships from the coast of Spain,
The coast of Spain, from Pales bay :
And men their misty eyes did strain
On the shore, as they bore away.
A gentle breeze blew from the land,
Blew from the land, and on they glide,
And strong faith did the heart command
Of him who was their true-born guide.
All human threats did his soul brave,
Did his soul brave, and sad hearts cheer,
And smiling heaven hushed the wave,
As o'er the ocean they did steer.
Oh in hope and fear they sailed on,
They sailed on, o'er the length'ning sea ;
And happy omens one by one
Seemed to woo them to victory.

Beauteous birds did light on the ship,
Light on the ship with soft notes gay,
And in the wave their plumes did dip,
As though they came not far away.

Night may be darkest ere the dawn,
Ere the dawn with its blushes suave,
So to the hero watching lone
A light there twinkled o'er the wave.

"Is that a light?" in a maze he cried,
In a maze he cried as he watched by night,
"It is," one of his men replied,
Whom he from sleep had called outright.

A gleam of joy shone on his face,
On his face, as the star of morn,
He clasped his hands in humble grace,
His heart by fervent hope upborne.

"Oh it must be so," he exclaimed,
He exclaimed, as thro' gloom he peered;
And that moment thro' time is famed,
One grand epoch it is revered.

Bang then, oh, Bang, sounded again,
Sounded a gun as morn appeared;
O glad sign, a new world was won,
The hearts of sailors now were cheered.

And oh, how lovely seemed the shore,
Seemed the shore, as the ships drew near
The fairy woods of Salvador
A paradise did then appear.

And he who calmed the gloomy fears,
The fears too gloomy of his men,
(Bewildered where green wave appears),
Found favour in the savage ken,

Then in due time Columbus sailed,
 Sailed homeward to the Spanish shore :
 And many an one his presence hailed,
 Yet meekly he the honour bore.
 Not like a soldier he returned,
 He returned with the spoils of war,
 A sailor's heart within him burned,
 Dreams of a world which lay afar !

YOUTH.

How sweet the dreams of early youth,
 When o'er the fields we careless stray,
 The foes of guile, and friends of truth,
 Blest with the sun's caressing ray.
 How gladly move the halcyon days,
 When each fleeting hour oft does smile.
 When seasons crown our head with rays
 Of hope, which seem not to beguile.
 With stealthy steps comes rude winter,
 And fade the flow'rs of summer bright.
 But fears of change rarely enter
 A young heart, that brave deeds incite.
 Tears of youth are like April show'rs
 Which swiftly come and disappear ;
 Then love woos to golden bowers,
 And soothes the mind with happy cheer.

A SPECTRAL HERD.

A tradition of Kirklington, Cumberland.

One fine morn on my way I hied
 My field to reach, to call kine home :
 When lo ! a mighty herd I spied,
 Which seemed from Highland moors to come.

From side to side they filled the road,
Far as the stedfast eye could view ;
Yet no one of them ever lowed
As they were moving o'er the dew.

Still on and on they deftly came,
While in deep thought I sadly mused,
" Oh, how can I my cows reclaim,
With this crowd they must be confused." .

I crossed the field with footsteps slow,
With care I drove my cattle on ;
But when again the road I saw,
Like a meteor that herd had flown !

I looked behind, I looked before,
I strained my eyes on ev'ry side ;
But tho' the road held many a score,
Not ev'n a hoof was now descried.

No fleeting forms my eyes embraced,
No vestige of the vanished herd ;
The lightning's path is vainly traced,
And thus the crowd had disappeared.

" Ah ! wherefore this ? " I loudly cried,
" Who can the mystery explain ? "
Soon did the course of time decide
This riddle, and relieve my pain.

Like eagles hast'ning to their prey,
In furious hordes the Celts did come ;
And war's dark cloud obscured the day,
Echoed the hills the cannon's boom.

In dubious form the contest raged,
While fortune veiled her deep designs,
Too soon the Celtic ire assuaged,
Ev'n as a sudden blaze declines.

The wind which blew the smoke away,
O'er Culloden's crimson heather,
Left Prince Charlie no hope or stay,
An exile he knew not whither !

TO EMMA.

Verses written in a Lady's Album.

Lovely May is come with flowers,
Which shed rich perfume o'er the dale,
Fled are now the April showers.
And sullen winter's fiercer gale.

How brightly smiles yon summer cloud,
As o'er Hutton fell it does move,
And the blithe mavis sings aloud,
And swells the chorus of the grove.

How sweet is calm after unrest,
And health, when sickness pale is healed ;
How beauteous the summer's vest,
Compared with winter's cheerless field !

Gently the wave does wash the shore
When the fierce storm has ceased amain ;
And sorrow's pain is felt no more,
When rest eternal we attain.

May He, then, who restrains the show'r,
And the breeze tempers to shorn lamb,
Console thee in the trying hour,
And o'er life's sorrow breathe a calm !

May His eye foreseeing guard thee,
Solve thy doubts in each dilemma,
And with heav'n at last reward thee,
Life's unfading bliss, dear Emma !

THE SPRING.

In the Scottish dialect.

Dark wintry fogs are fled away,
The snaw's dissolved frae ilka brae,
Bright are the dewdrops on the spray,
 Rich nature's boon,
And smiling gowan, and cowslip gay
 The meadows crown.

Where ance the howling blasts did rair,
The flowerets scent the morning air,
An' ilk rich blossom has a share
 O' perfume sweet,
The leafy groves form vistas fair
 Our e'en to greet.

The toddling burn flows on its way,
With easy whirls its wave does stray,
And saftly do its waters play
 Beneath the shade.
I' fairy nooks is formed a bay
 Wi' sma' cascade.

Thick foliage cleeds yon forest high,
Where cushats coo their lullaby,
Where sweet the mavis does reply
 To echo dear,
An' loud resounds the plover's cry,
 Careering near.

On pastures green do graze the cows,
The lambies frisk upo' the knowes,
An' lightly bounding o'er the dews
 The sheep dog roams,
While whistling clear along the hows
 The ploughboy comes

Then come my crony, let us stray
O'er pasture green and mountain grey,
An' let us spend the livelong day
 Mid joys that cheer,
While zephyrs whisper on their way
 "The spring is here."

NOVEMBER.

Chill November is come again,
The scowling tempest bursts amain,
An' in drenching show'rs does the rain
 A deluge pour,
While leaves are drifting o'er the plain
 Fu' many an hour.

Fled now the balmy summer air,
The trees look woe begone and bare,
An' sere the bloom o' lily fair,
 An' beauteous rose,
While smiling gowans scarcely dare
 Their form disclose.

As leaves bestrew the sylvan shade,
So like a leaf a' things do fade,
A' that the art o' man e'er made,
 Or genius wrought,
By the blasts o' time prone are laid,
 An' come to nought.

The foaming streams shall cease to flow,
While cliffs that fill the eye with awe,
An' lofty mountains piled wi' snow
 Flit like a dream,
An' the sun himself, mid nature's woe
 Shed his last gleam.

Not sae frail man, he shall arise
To joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Tho' the heavens with a great noise
 Shall pass away,
Yet shall he hail wi' glad surprise
 Eternal day.

THE MORNING STAR.

O morning star, O morning star,
Long hast thou shone in glory bright,
While borne upon thy radiant car,
Fair Luna thou dost vie in light,
Sure herald of approaching day,
When the sun his pow'r does display.

O morning star, O morning star,
The star of love and beauty rare,
May envious clouds retire afar,
And let me thy sweet aspect share ;
Oh why should clouds obscure thy light,
Thou fair gem on the brow of night !

O morning star, O morning star,
How welcome is thy sparkling ray,
As sailors, when rude billows bar,
Do urge with fear their dubious way,
Anon the morn dawns on the sight,
Then flee their fears as shades of night.

O morning star, O morning star,
What countless years o'er thee have flown,
Since thou, upon thy course afar
Didst hail, at first, the coming dawn,
What years of joy, and years of strife,
Yet calm thou seem'st mid dangers rife.

O morning star, O morning star,
Allied to peace thy course appears,
No room there seems for uncouth war
Within the music of the spheres ;
The bard from soft sleep thou canst lure,
To feel thy sweetly soothing pow'r.

O morning star, O morning star,
Farewell, the sun is on his way,
Few orbs with thee are on a par,
Yet thou must pale before his ray,
Eluding now my longing sight,
Fain would I trace thee in thy flight.

AFFECTION.

Again the sere and yellow leaves
Are falling from the trees,
Here and there they drift in numbers,
While wafted by the breeze :
Summer's bloom once more is over,
And winter's coming fast,
The robin's plaintive note is heard,
And keener blows the blast.

Tho' years roll on, and seasons change,
And flowers fade in the grove,
And winter's howling blasts are heard,
No winter's in my love ;
'Tho' all the world prove cold and false,
My heart beats true to thee,
As young and fresh as springing flow'rs
Upon the verdant lea.

Pure as the snow on Skiddaw's crest,
So shall my fond love be ;
And like a rock which breasts the wave,
Amid a stormy sea.

Should danger e'er beset thy path,
Or sad grief thee assail,
Then I would fly to thy relief,
My succour should not fail.
Tho' hills and vales between us lie,
And thou art far away,
Thy form shall ne'er fade from my breast.
But blossom day by day.
The magic of thy loving eye
Shall dawn upon my mind,
Undimmed by time's obscuring power,
While years their course shall wind.
The fair bride may despise the ring,
Pledge of her wedded life;
The soldier may disown the sword
Which aids him in the strife;
The mother may forget her babe
Who smiles upon her knee;
But I will ne'er renounce my love,
While life and thought may be.

IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Oh, were my love a shining pearl,
Which lies concealed in yon deep sea,
And I my self a diver bold,
No danger e'er should frighten me.
Oh, were my love a primrose fair,
Which decks the grove in April gay,
And I myself a morning breeze,
How gently round her I would play.
Oh I would be a mirror true,
Ev'n to record her pleasing smiles,
To reflect her beauteous form,
And the frame of her hair's dark coils!

Oh I would be a fountain clear,
That I might lave her snowy feet ;
Or I would be a zone to clasp
Her heaving bosom fair and neat !
Oh I would be a glove to touch
The rich bloom on her maiden cheek ;
Or I would be a couch of down,
Where soft rest she might fondly seek ;
Oh I would be a ring of gold
To deck her hand, as lily fair ;
Or I would be a dove to bring
Her love-notes thro' the lambent air !
Oh I would be a ribbon fine
To softly bind her raven hair ;
Or I would be a rich bouquet,
Which to the altar she does bear !

QUARTETTE.

My wife and I have daughters four,
The light and solace of our home,
More dear to us than golden ore,
Or gems that from the ocean come.
After winter comes gentle spring,
And autumn follows summer fine,
But thro' all seasons they do cling,
Around our hearts as the woodbine.
As the blending of sweet voices
In song melodious, or quartette,
Over them each heart rejoices
With love sincere, ne'er waning yet.
May the God of Bethel bless them,
And guide them thro' each fleeting year,
May no evil e'er oppress them,
And calm content their bosoms cheer.

FREEDOM.

Noble is thy cause of freedom,
Still throbbing in the bosom's core,
Who can thy sacred worth explain,
Or who thy hidden depths explore ?
Cradled in the ark with Moses,
Or conceived on the Alps with Tell ;
Thou dost garner thy richest fruits
'Neath the sound of the sabbath bell.
By the magnetic pow'r of love,
First felt in obscure Galilee,
The mournful captives burst their chains,
The sons of sorrow were set free.
As lightly as the bounding roe
Does walk at large o'er Judah's hills,
With shapely limb and beauteous eye,
Drinking from the murmuring rills.
So, too, does the guileless christian
In safety walk o'er God's rich earth,
His heart warm with many a blessing,
The fruitage of the second birth.
Jesus is as a fountain clear
Whose cooling draughts his thirst allay ;
Or as a tree, whose leafy shade
Relieves the languor of his way.
And as he scales mountains hoary,
Or slakes his thirst in gushing rills,
Gladsome is the way before him,
Until he views fair Zion's hills.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

O happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee,

As thou dost flit upon the lea
 In agile mood,
The very flow'r of jollity
 In thee does bud.

Thou sip'st the morning's early dew,
Where ope the daisies on the view,
Where warblers do their notes renew
 O'er many a plain,
And nature's self does give the cue
 To each blithe strain.

And haply, ne'er a blither lay
Than thine e'er blessed the livelong day;
Can ev'n the throstle from the spray
 Such rapture show
As thou with chirp benignly gay,
 When flowers blow?

The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
As winding slowly o'er the lea,
He stays to mark thy voice of glee
 Mid nature's wealth,
And mark thy wanton course so free,
 Thy nimble stealth.

Beauty dwells in queenly bower,
Courtiers fawn on kingly power,
But thou art heir to many an hour
 Of rustic bliss,
When Phœbus woos the blooming flower
 With many a kiss.

How sweetly smile yon summer fields,
How rich a scent each flow'ret yields,
The morning sun the mountain gilds
 With welcome ray,
As like a nurse, kind nature shields
 Her offspring gay.

Bright Phœbus loves thy bloodless form,
 And cheers thee with his aspect warm ;
 Unknown to thee is winter's storm

Or vapour chill,

No penury does thy strength worm,
 Or senile ill.

Child of the sun's ethereal ray,
 An epicure thou liv'st each day.
 Then like a fleeting flow'ret gay

Dost sink to rest,

Sated with song, and dance, and play.
 Thy summer's feast.



ACACIA ROSE.

Go lovely flow'r,
 Tell him whose friendship is sincere,
 How rich a dow'r

His love to me does still appear,
 As rich as thy fair petals are.

Tell him I *know*,
 Who shuns his virtues to disclose,
 That didst thou grow
 In places lone, where no man goes,
 No one should praise the blooming rose.

Vainly the flow'r
 Does shed its beauty o'er the wild,
 If thro' each hour

The gaze it woos not of a child,
 Nor human fancy e'er beguiled.

Thus seems thy love,
 As modest as thy retiring self,
 Yet it does prove

As sure as is the miser's pelf,
 That lies concealed upon a shelf.

SACRED POEMS.

.

HEAVEN.

My soul, there is a country,
Whose joys are not of earth,
But whose source is eternal,
Because of celestial birth.

The river of life does flow
From God's eternal throne,
With a full pellucid stream,
Its clearness all its own.

There, too, no odious evil
The courts of God invade,
The tree of life outspreading
The saints of God does shade.

There no disease may enter
No sorrow blight our joy
There no rude blasts may venture
Our comfort to destroy.

The rose that cannot wither
Celestial groves does grace ;
And there the herb of heart's ease
For ever finds its place.

And afar beyond the stars,
One in a manger born,
Does rule the many mansions
That God's own house adorn.

Oh, could our minds more often
To that bright world ascend,
Could we think of that pure home,
Which fancy does transcend ;

How sweet should be our foretaste
Of the rich land above,
Where, free from jar and danger,
The saints in rapture move.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE ALDERMAN BRAITHWAITE,
OF KENDAL.

Art thou gone, last almost of that bright band,
Whose civic virtues were their townsmen's praise,
Yea, thou whose wise words did our hearts command,
Conceived in fitting sentiment and phrase?
The tender husband, and the father kind,
The friend sincere, the man of culture too,
Crowned with piety, all recur to mind,
As o'er thy tomb in sadness we do bow.
There needs no aid of sculptor's subtle art,
Or studied phrase thy virtues to portray,
Thy name is written in the people's heart,
While thy true worth defies time's wasting sway.
Elijah's mantle on his pupil tell,
So may we profit by thy noble life,
Mid changes varied do our duty well,
Then hail the shore where waves ne'er break in
strife!

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE COUNCILLOR MUSGROVE,
OF KENDAL.

Full many a star of ray serene and bright
Shines in high heav'n, afar from human ken;
So thou, translated to the fields of light,
Hast found, forsooth, that death is real gain.

Yea, thou dost reap the harvest thou hast sown,
And garner fruits which fade not nor decay,
And fully knowing, e'en as thou art known,
Reflectest truth from heaven's unsullied ray.
Thou didst forswear the drunkard's siren cup,
Like Daniel brave, thy course was just and pure ;
To forbidden pleasures thou wouldst not stoop,
Ah, no ! far other joys thy soul did lure.
Blest is that servant whom his Lord shall find
Still duly watching at true wisdom's gate ;
No sad regret shall ever cloud his mind,
Unfading bliss shall crown his course elate !

DIVINE LOVE.

Who can describe a mother's love,
Or who its fervour know ?
Oh, none save they whose heart does move
In union with its law.
Vainly does other love conspire
Its power to dethrone ;
It's like a gleam from seraph's fire,
Which glows before the throne.
No earthly bliss is like the bliss
Which smiles on childhood's hour :
No kiss is as a mother's kiss,
Nor brings so rich a dow'r.
The maiden may disown her love,
The wife renounce her spouse ;
But pure and unselfish it does move,
More pure than myriad vows.
Sleep on, dear child ; may sunlit dreams
Still hover round thy head,
And hope still shed its mellow beams,
And love its table spread !

Alas! the hour of change shall come,
 And restless pain succeed :
 And joys shall flee as the sweet hum
 Of bees, which homeward speed.
 Far other seems a higher law
 Of love than men disclose,
 A love more pure than sunset glow,
 More beauteous than the rose.
 As high as heav'n is above the earth,
 So God in love excels
 All feelings dear of mundane birth,
 And other love expels.
 A mother may forget her child,
 All mothers their offspring shun ;
 But God and man are reconciled
 Thro' His eternal Son.
 And sooner shall heav'n pass away,
 And the firm earth remove,
 Than God withdraw a single ray
 Of his redeeming love !

*“ And there followed Him a certain young man, having
 a linen cloth, cast about his naked body ; and the young
 men laid hold on him :*

And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked.”
 MARK XIV, 51 and 52.

How quickly did th' apostles form
 A wall of fire around their Lord,
 As men in close siege face the storm,
 Till checked by Him Who is the Word.
 The shepherd smitten, the sheep fled
 With wingèd feet from the stern crowd,
 Their new-born zeal transformed to dread,
 To ruffian force soon they bowed.

And as the sound of their retreat
Died on the ear in the night's air,
The Son of Man, prey of deceit,
Now sorrow's burden keen does bear.
But what new form bursts on the view ;
Veiled in a robe of linen clean,
Whose locks betray the youthful hue,
And his brave act a manly mien.
Was it Mark, who, with kindling zeal,
Thus ventured boldly on the crowd ;
Came Lazarus, thro' love's appeal,
Who once lay calmly in a shroud ?
Vainly our fancy does revolve
Names, one by one of th' honoured dead.
To find that man of high resolve
Who to our Lord in succour sped.
But if the shadows of the night
Concealed, at last, his fleeting form,
If ev'n his name avoids the light,
His act does keep his mem'ry warm.
What zeal was his, but mistaken !
If earthly crowns had been the prize,
Dreams of youth should only waken
Some daring deeds in human guise.
Wide o'er the fields the tide of war
Should have rolled on its deadly way,
Until, beneath the victor's car,
Rome's bravest heroes vanquished lay.
Then, with what joy should Salem's crowd
Have hailed the victor's banner fair,
As with heart pulsing and face proud,
They saw it shimmer in the air.
But oh ! God's ways are not as ours,
Men He subdues not by wars dire,
He rules not by earth's hidden pow'rs,
By wind, by earthquake, or by fire.

No ! tho' tempests obey His word,
And waves that in mid ocean poise ;
Yet by love is His sway secured,
The breathing of " a still small voice."

Yes ! his mighty hand awes the storm,
His love destroys the serpent's sting,
His voice controls the earthquake's form,
He stays in air the swallow's wing.

The stars do joy in courses bright,
As they move softly o'er heaven's maze,
While smiling on the brow of night,
The moon is vocal with God's praise.

In love, were you orbs poised on high,
In wisdom, were their courses traced,
They show the hand of the Most High,
In Whom all true life is embraced !

Love wins the day where hate does fail,
It dries the mourner's tearful eye,
It relieves the throe of fear pale,
It fills the widow's heart with joy !

It takes the lonely stranger in,
It breaks the slave and captive's chain,
The orphan's lone heart it does win,
As smiles the earth with summer's rain.

When Truth, too, wrought with human hands,
Love did gain its holiest store,
While fulfilling the law's demands
Blood did stream from every pore.

Did no bright angel from on high
Cry " Hold," when the cross dawned in view,
No ! hosts of angels may not try
To shield pure love from death's dark hue.

Man's last need no delay can brook,
Justice required a victim meet,
And love its heaviest burden took,
And trod its way with bleeding feet !
Such love as this scorns martial aid,
No gold excels its hidden wealth,
The tree of life its form does shade,
With fair leaves for the nations' health.
Vainly, then, did Saint Peter strive
To shield his Master from His foes,
Love's deepest sacrifice does give
Her treasure tho' men's rage oppose !
Nor did the friend unknown succeed,
To soothe the pain of Peter's loss,
With trembling steps he, too, did speed,
Alone, our Lord did bear His cross !
But surely he, who risked his life
Against the power of many foes,
With future knowledge, mid bonds rife,
Would speed truth's more glorious cause.
And thus, at length, in Heaven's light,
As scales fell from th' apostle's eyes,
The truth of God should bless his sight,
And fill his soul with glad surprise !
Until, released from wearing pain,
From toil and sorrow's dark'ning ray,
True joy he should in fine attain,
In regions of eternal day.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Dweller in the desert bare,
Clad in robe of camel's hair,
Locusts as his humble fare
Receiving ;

Veiled in show'r of flowing locks,
John sips the honey from the rocks,
An angel's band round him flocks,
Relieving.

Tho' dreary scenes meet the eyes,
Tho' flow'rs show not countless dyes,
Yet his lot may princes prize
As treasure.

His robe shows not royal state,
No fond courtiers on him wait,
Angels view his course elate
With pleasure.

From the desert his voice rang,
Causing sinners many a pang,
Many men on his lips hang
Delighted !

Publicans forgot their gold,
Sinners their deepest sorrows told,
Scribes listened with aspect cold,
Benighted !

And yet, at times, his pure word,
The Pharisee's stout heart stirred,
Sadoc's faith became a gourd,
Perishing !

Lo ! Herod in royal state,
Heard his words with joy unsate,
Their mem'ry in close debate
Cherishing.

But alas ! his lawless spouse,
Hailing the hour of carouse,
Seduced the king to rash vows,
Unwitting.

Too ashamed to break his oath,
Yet to slay John ev'n as loth,
Such good sparkled like wine's froth,
Soon flitting !

Far above the storms of earth,
 No more prey of godless mirth,
 John has gained his second birth,
 Unending !
 Where true worth does alway dwell,
 Unshaded by prison cell,
 Where bosoms with rapture swell,
 Low-bending.

‘ I dwell among mine own people.’ II KINGS iv, 13.

Among my people I do dwell,
 I sigh not for another’s wealth ;
 No thoughts of pride my bosom swell,
 My highest joy my mental health.
 I envy not a king his throne,
 Tho’ he have vassals many an one.

Content I am, here would I stay ;
 Mine is the sum of earthly bliss ;
 Here I did spend my early day,
 I claim no other place save *this* ;
 No single wish have I to roam,
 Till God be pleased to call me home.

Ambition brings a load of cares,
 The worldly minded forfeit rest,
 Ill-gotten gains flee unawares,
 As soar the birds o’er mountain crest,
 A moment tempt the roving eye,
 Elude the gaze, and onward fly.

Some, who have much, do pine for more,
 As daughters of the horse leach crave,
 Till, stranded on a barren shore,
 Their treasure buried in the wave,
 They see how fruitless is their toil,
 Ev’n as the captive’s weary moil.

I love my house upon the hill,
The breezy height where I do stray,
The garden fair, the gushing rill,
The calm retreat where I do pray ;
Free from alarm I spend my days,
New mercies call for daily praise.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The miner toils for precious store,
But piety yields richer gain,
'Tis solace to the wretched poor ;
Treasures await the just on high,
Which God in mercy shall supply.

REFLECTIONS.

*Supposed to be those of Nero, sometime after listening
to St. Paul the second time, during his last trial.*

Oh, how majestic is that look,
How persuasive is that tongue,
No foul deceit does his soul brook,
The bane of the old and young !

As I do scan his sober mien,
And his features calm survey,
Then I recall the face serene
Of my tutor, Seneca.

His well-known form appals mine eye,
As when in a shroud inclosed,
Tho' I planned his death with the joy
That tigers have oft disclosed.

How happy seemed my youthful prime,
When I spent my days aright,

When, ruler new of many a clime,
I loathed my power to write.*
But pride and folly laid me low,
And perverted all my ways,
With tears I think of many a saw,
Which I learnt in other days.
The death of my judicious friend
The keener makes my sorrow ;
And with footsteps prone I do slide,
With few hopes for the morrow.
Shall, then, another mentor try
To reclaim my soul from sin,
Tho' stained with crime of deepest dye,
Shall he thus my foul heart win ?
Not ev'n smiles of Poppaea's face
With their soft and subtle charm,
Nor all the wiles of maiden grace,
Could lure me to do him harm.
For two full years he lived in Rome,
A mysterious power his guard,
And christians found my house a home,
Without either watch or ward.
Yet when dark fate wrapped Rome in flame,
The christians I blamed alone ;
And fiercely did my ire proclaim,
As in pitchy shirts they shone.
A thousand furies me pursue,
A thousand spectres gibber :
Each morn and eve my pains renew,
To flee I know not whither.

* When Nero began his reign, he was just, liberal, and humane. When about to sign the first death-warrant, he exclaimed with seeming concern, "would to heaven that I had never learnt to write !"

Ah ! who shall save me from my woes,
And give me that rest I crave ?
Rome thro' me may dispense her laws,
Yet I am an abject slave.

Oh, shall I then for mercy sue,
And to heav'n pour out my cry ?
Nay, Nero, to thyself be true,
That noblest of men must die !

A GLOSSARY OF DIALECT WORDS.

A.

A', all
 Aboon, above
 Afore, before
 Aither, each
 Alang, along
 An', and
 Ance, once
 'At, that
 Auld, old
 Aw, all

B.

Bairns, children
 Bandster, one who binds
 sheaves.
 Bauld, bold
 Bield, shelter
 Blawing, blowing
 Brudders, brothers
 Bygane, bygone
 Beet, to add fuel to fire
 Bevers, thrills
 Burnie, brook

C.

Cauld, cold
 Carry, the firmament or
 sky
 Cushat, a wood pigeon
 Croodles, coos
 Croft, a field, a small piece of
 inclosed ground adjoining
 a dwelling house.

D.

Daur, dare
 Ding, to worst, to push.
 Duir, door
 Dulefu', sorrowful

E.

Een, eyes
 'Em, them

F.

Fa', fall.
 Fadder, father
 Faither, father
 Fa'ing, failing
 Fa'n, fallen
 Faw, fall
 Frae, from
 Frien's, friends
 Fu' full

G.

Gae, go
 Gie, give
 Gang, go
 Gowld, gold
 Gowlden, golden
 Gowans, daisies
 Glints, peeps
 Gracefu', graceful
 Guid, good
 Gudely, goodly
 Gude, good

H.

Hae, have,
Hame, home
Haw, hall
Hair'st, harvest
Hev, have
Heb'n, heaven

I.

Ither, other, one another
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ingle, fire, fireplace
Ilk or ilka, each, every

J.

Januar', January

K.

Kens, knows

L.

Lake, to play
Lang, long
Lambies, lambs
Lav'rock, lark
Loe, love
Lowe, a flame
Lown-liggin, lying in a sheltered situation

M.

Mair, more
Mae, more
Mony, many
Maen, moan
Mavis, song thrush
Mither, mother
Mudder, mother

N.

Nae, no
Neebor, neighbour
Neames, names
Ner, than
Noo, now

O.

O', of
Offen, often
Ow'r, over

P.

Poor tith, poverty

R.

Raired, roared
Reca', recall
Roosed, praised, commended

S.

Sae, so
Saft, soft
Saftly, softly,
Scheuil, school
Seyed, tried
Sidlins, sidelong
Slee, sly
Slypes, falls over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Snawy, snowy
Sodgers, soldiers
Stooks, shocks of corn
Sune, soon
Syne, since, ago, then after that

T.

T', the
Throstle, thrush
Thur, these

Thae, these
Thowts, thoughts
Titties, sisters
Tu, too

U.

Upo', upon

W.

Wa', wall
Wae, woe
Waesome, sorrowful

Wean, child
Weel-kend, well known
Win's, winds
Wha, who
Wimples, meanders
Wud, with

Y.

Ya, one
Yak, oak
Yance, once
Youthfu', Youthful

T. WILSON, PRINTER, KENDAL.

ERRATA.

Page 14, Line 3.—*For “the” read “me.”*

„ 18, „ 8.—*For “cooling” read “cool.”*

„ 46, „ 15.—*For “the balm” read “balm.”*

Westind. Dialect pp. 6, 12, 14,
Cunabo Dialect p. 11



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